A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Tuesday, February 3. 1708.

YOU must allow me, good People, now and then an Excurſion, when this particular Caſe of King *William* comes in my Way; we have innumerable Attempts every now and then breaking out to leſſen your Eſteem, and if poſſible, to blacken the Memory of that Prince, whoſe Name lives in the Hearts of all the Friends of the preſent Conſtitution; and it ſo pleaſes GOD, I know not for what wiſe End in his Providence, that there ſeems a general Remiſneſs among us, a Sort of an Eaſineſs at hearing him ill treated; tho' at the ſame time our Judgments tell us, it is abominable, ungrateful, and contrary to Juſtice, Honour, and a thouſand Obligations which we are under to his Merit.

I am ſorry to give you Examples of this, indeed I am ſorry to tell you there are Examples to give, and more, that we find none but the meaneſt of all your Authors, *and who for that Reaſon they endeavour to render contemptible*, that dares to ſtir in Vindication of his Immortal Memory.

Here's on one Hand a foul mouth'd *Rehearſer*, obliquely reproaching him in the Perſon of the King of *Pruſſia*'s Grandſon, with a ſly *Inuendo*, and wiſhing the young Prince of *Orange* a better than the laſt, and yet at the ſame Time they dare not enter into the niceſt Scrutiny of the Character of the late King, who was the laſt Prince of *Orange*; I know, it is litterally nothing at all to wiſh a Child better than his Father, and in that Sence it were no Reproach to ſay, I wiſh the Miniſter of a Pariſh a better Preacher than the Apoſtle *Paul*, and the like; but any Man knows how that Expreſſion is generally underſtood, and 'tis no Injuſtice, nor an unfair Connection to ask, what was it you

you can lay to the Charge of the King, for which another ſhould be particularly deſir'd to excel him, or in *Engliſh*, bring forth all the Crimes, which by this *Inuendo* you would ſuggeſt him guilty off. And therefore all Mr. *Rehearſal's Saturday's* Railery is of no Signification.

To back this *Jacobite* Author, we have *Sham Whig* the *Obſervator*, he carries on the Deſign, and as a falſe Friend is worſe than an open Enemy, he flies directly in the King's Face, and coming to Particulars, gives five ſeverall Heads of Articles againſt his Majeſty, Four poſitively aſſerted, and the Laſt vilely and impudently ſuggeſted.

1. That he cared not to be adviſed in Matters of War and Government.

2. That he liked ſome of his Friends the worſe for offering to adviſe him.

3. That he was of a ſtiff Temper to our Prejudice.

4. That he neglected ſome Things he might have done for us.

5. That he rewarded Men for Libelling our Country.

A horrid and black Charge this is indeed, *Et Tu Brute!* And this from one that pretends to talk for the Conſtitution, would be thought a *Whig*, and conſequently muſt be as, *Brutus* to *Cæſar*, a Favourite, a Perſon obliged and raiſed by him, an adopted Son of the Revolution; for every true Proteſtant, who underſtands his Intereſt, and knows what Religion and Liberty means, muſt know what he owes to this great Name, or be ignorant of himſelf and of all his Politick Original. But ſuch is the Ingratitude of this Age, and to ſuch a Heigth is the Vice of our Political Underſtanding grown, that we can now ſatisfie our ſelves to taſte the Sweets of the Revolution, and live under the Shadow of the Bleſſing, enjoy the Protection of his Undertaking, and the Safety purchaſed by his Hazard, and curſe the Hand, that under GOD was the immediate Inſtrument of all the Benefit. Are theſe *Whigs*, are theſe Proteſtants? *Tu quoque mi Fili!* Are theſe the People he came to ſave, and that cry'd to him to help them; that were help'd by him, and ſav'd by him, and as *Iſrael* at the *Red Sea* did by their great Deliverer, ſang his Praiſe, but ſoon forgot his Works? Are theſe *Engliſh* Men? Well might the old Ballad ſay,

There's not a Prince in Chriſtendom
Would ever ſtir a Mile from Home,
To govern three ſuch Nations.

Well, from *Jacobite* and *Sham-Whig* Pamphleteers, we have a third Sort, and theſe, it ſeems, owe their Inſtruction to the Seat of the Muſes; I hope, *Oxford* has not erected the Study of Ingratitude as a Science; *Oxford* had its firſt Concern in this Prince's Undertaking, all their Foundations lay at the Brink of the *Popiſh* Gulph, and *Magdalen* College was fallen in——And who deliver'd you? Gentlemen, who ſav'd your Colleges from being the Seminaries of *Jeſuits* and *Capuchins*? who recover'd you from your Fright, and reſcued *Magdalen* College from the Pit ſhe was ſwallow'd up in? even the ſame Man whoſe Effigies hangs up in a Publick-Houſe in your Town with his Noſe cut off, and his Eyes cut out——Made the Scorn and Sport of the Sons of the Muſes, in the moſt horrid and deteſtable Manner abuſed and inſulted, his Words ſpoken to the Parliament, and celebrated juſtly, as the greateſt, the beſt and moſt Emphatical Speech that ever Prince made, turn'd into Bawdy and Beaſtlineſs, and his Majeſty repreſented as ſpeaking their horrid Dialect to his whole People in their Repreſentative, let theſe three Articles be put together, and let any Man judge how King *William* is treated among us.

MISCELLANEA.

I Am now by Force to encounter the *Rehearſal*, a Champion of Scandal, an Enemy neither *honeſt* in quoting, *fair* in arguing, *cautious* in affirming, nor *civil* in expreſſing; he once capitulated, for good Manners Sake, to preſerve his Temper, but has

has broken all his Articles, he has forgot himself so far as to quote Me instead of the *Observator*, and charge me with what other Men wrote, *viz. in the Affair of Sandwich*; when he is challeng'd, he never answers, but challenges again Times without Number.

While I have been absent and remote, and where his Paper was not to be seen, how has he fallen upon Me with all the Insults and ill Language in the World, forged Assertions for which he can produce no Authority, and triumph'd for Want of Answers, when I never saw his Argument.

He has now begun again, he has dip'd his Pen in the Excrement of his Party, and I doubt not, he will make them all stink before he has wip'd it again.

However, because he has run back upon former Cases, I must just give a Hint of them as I go along, and then proceed with him; and first he triumphs in the Case of *Abraham Gill*, and an Answer to a Book called *the Experiment*, &c. which he says is entirely confuted—Indeed I have not seen the Book, nor shall I meddle with it here; but more for the Satisfaction of others, than him or his Party——I shall take the Case briefly and fairly. It is true, I wrote that Book, and I wrote it with all the Care, Caution and Circumspection, that any Man, who covets to write impartial Truth, could do—I did it at the Request and by the special Vouching of Honest and worthy Gentlemen, Four of them eminent Citizens of *London*, and who are so far from being ashamed of their Names, that they frankly gave me Leave to use them in my own Justification, whenever I had any Occasion, and tho' I do not yet see that Occasion, yet as all the Vouchers for every thing affirm'd there, were together with *Abraham Gills* Orders left at Mr. *Shey's* in *Thames Street*, for any Man to *inspect*, and if they could to *detect*, so at the same Mr. *Shey's* they may be informed of the Names of the said Gentlemen, at whose Request I wrote the Book.

I wrote it with so much Caution, *knowing the Front of the Party I had to do with*, that I set not down one Article without unquestion'd Authorities, Affidavits attested and taken out of Court, or Certificates vouched to me by all the Gentlemen abovesaid; I was so nice in every Article, that twice I caused *Abraham Gill* to be sent for near 70 Miles, and once obliged the Gentlemen to send an Express to the Place he liv'd in, to examine and explain the Difficulties I met with; and every thing was made so clear not to Me only, but to all the Gentlemen, that as every Paragraph was read to them again and again, approv'd by them, and compar'd with the Vouchers, so we were all of the Opinion, *and I confess I am so still*, that every Tittle of it was true.

And thus far Gentlemen, *you that can judge impartially*, I think, I stand cleared as an Author or Historian, relating Matter of Fact, vouch'd by such Authority, and all the Men to be produced, *Viva Voce*, to confirm it—Let any Man act safer if he can.

As for the Authority of the Vouchers, the Perjuries and Forgeries they talk of, and which he says are proved by the Answer—I think, they are at once to be ballanced by this—— The Men are all alive, named at Length, and to be produced; why, Gentlemen, *do you not prosecute them?* And upon my Word, if you please but by Law to convict one Evidence of Perjury, or prove one Certificate forged, or punish one Counterfeit, and do this in a Way of Justice, and in a Court of Justice, I shall be one of the first that shall acknowledge myself imposed upon, and turn against the Cause——but to do this by only a Book. —— If one Side *lies*, another *may lye*, let a Court of Justice and the Law decide it; and I will heartily joyn in punishing as well as detecting the Criminal.

As to *Abraham Gill*, and the forging his Orders, the Book says nothing of his Orders, but that they are offer'd to be try'd fairly; why then was he not prosecuted? *First* they said, because they could not now produce the Orders to convict him—This was answer'd by leaving the Orders at Mr. *Sheys*, and I had the Honour to show them to some of the Reverend Clergy, to whom I promised they should always be forth coming, either to clear or detect the Affair.— Then they objected, *what should they prosecute for, since they could not come at the Man to punish him?* This was answer'd by offering Bail for the Man to be forth coming, and yet to this Day here is no Prosecution.